

Whatever gifts the God of Nature has endowed us with, are meant for use, and not to be laid up, and their destruction accelerated by the corroding hand of rusty indolence, the frowns of gloomy solitude, or the silence of retirement. When you are hungry, esteem the satisfying of your hunger a pleasure intended you by Nature; and enjoy that pleasure, but enjoy it with *moderation*; for be assured, that if you indulge this, or any other appetite, to excess, you thereby abuse the gifts of nature, injure your health, and incapacitate yourself for the true relish of future meals. In like manner, when you are thirsty, consider it as one of the greatest pleasures, as it really is, to quench your thirst with a moderate quantity of wholesome liquor.—But remember, that the abuse of this, has destroyed more of the human species than the combined force of fire, sword, and pestilence.

Moreover, when Nature, oppressed with care, fatigue, or satiety of amusement, sinks into peaceful slumbers, we are then happy, because therein Nature is our guide.—But if, after being sufficiently refreshed with sleep, we again solicit the assistance of the drowsy god, we shall stupify ourselves, blunt the edge of our rational faculties, and every probably bring on ourselves some dreadful chronic disorder.—Here necessity is generally the poor
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man's friend, who will not allow him the enervating luxury of a downy bed, nor more time than is absolutely necessary for the repairs of nature; but calls him up betimes from his hard couch, to health, activity and labour.

We shall thus find it invariably true, with respect to every passion we are endowed with, that the moderate gratification of it is productive of positive pleasure, and immoderate enjoyment, of actual pain. Our passions are excellent guides, whilst reason holds the rein; but; if we let them loose, they will hurry us with unbridled fury into destruction.

This rule holds good relatively to the passions of the mind; and on a due observance of it depends our felicity in this world, and in some respect also in the next. Ambition, as long as it is only subservient to making merit conspicuous, approved and rewarded, is so far from being prejudicial to the candidate for fame, honour, and riches, or to the public at large, that it is a manifest advantage to both. But when it overleaps the bounds of moderation, it throws every thing into confusion, and generally terminates in the ruin of the unfortunate aspirant.

The love of riches, if directed to good and laudable ends, ought by no means to be restrained. Its salutary effects promote industry, and give us that power, which, if properly employed, will be felt far and wide; and

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